Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Wilkie.

Always a model prisoner, Mr. James Hard-nut, otherwise "Saint" James, otherwise "Silver Jimmy," whose imitation coins were at once the envy and despair of his fellow counterfelters, had received his full allowance of good time, thereby completing his four-year sentence in three years and two months, and now dressed in a cheap but respectable feady-made suit and a warm overcoat, he stood in the warden's office to obtain his railroad ticket and the small sum of money to his oredit.

extended his hand and smiled. "So long, warden," responded Jimmy

"I'll see you later." heartily. The veteran keeper who had watched the young man disappear in the direction of the railway station, turned to one of his as-"It's funny what pranks nature plays. Look at Jimmy. If ever angel was written on a man's face it's on his and written

It was quite true. He was the most guileless appearing scamp one could well imagine, is big, innocent blue eyes looking straight into yours with a sincerity that was beyond question. Hence the "Saint" James; and these characteristics were often most valuable for if Jimmy was rounded up and brought into court, where he was not known, it was almost certain that the sympathy of the Court, jury and spectators would be with the frank-faced lad. And, if not quickly cleared of the charge against him, a story of hard luck told to the court in that wellmodulated voice of his was enough to insure at the worst a mild sentence in the workhouse, Instead of years in prison. Once, when he had thus imposed on an impressionable Judge

the short sentence with the acrobatic possibilities when he was caught red-handed and

the short sentence with the acrobatic possibilities when he was caught red-handed and got a sentence severe enough effectually to dispel any thoughts of levity. During the years of his incarceration Jimmy's fertile brain had not been idle, and the day he walked out a free man he had several schemes in mind that promised success. Much to the murprise of the gang he announced that he was going to be good.

"I'm done with all crooked business, boys," he declared impressively. "No more of it for me. I'm going to leve on the square I'm going to begin life all over again, and if you'll watch me, some day you'll see me a funday school superintendent with a week day office on Broadway telling people what to do with their money."

There were various more or less vigorous expressions of incredulity from his old pals, but not long thereafter Jimmy dropped out of sight without the explanatory newspaper paragraphs which usually accompanied his periodical absences, and was soon forgotten. About the time that Jimmy disappeared from his old haunts, Biggville gained a new resident in the person of a mild-mannered young man, with an attractive face. After first securing a room in a respectable neighborhood, he started out to find employment. There was less difficulty than he had feared The general manager of the Universal Emporium. Biggville's mannoth department store, listened with evident interest to the applicant's tale of a home wrecked by unfortunate speculative investments, a father dead of heart failure after the long months of nervous strain a mother broken and honeless, looking to him as her only hope. There was a suspicion of moisture in the general manager did not see.

"What is your name?"

"James B. Goodnow." He pronounced the last name as if composed of two separate words, and there was a twinkle in his eye that the general manager did not see.

"What is your name?"

"Thank you so much. I'll do my best."

The general manager touched a button and the new emiloyee was piloted away by a smart office boy.

In less than

In less than a fortnight he had captivated

In less than a fortnight he rad capityated all his superiors and his cheerfulness, willing-ness and evident capacity for greater re-sponsibility found recognition in promo-tion to a minor position in the offices. While most of his evenings were spent quietly in his room, he was careful to extend his circle

tion to a minor position in the offices. While most of his evenings were spent quietly in his room, he was careful to extend his circle of acquaintances gradually and as a further indication of his interest in the serious things of life, he ioined the Young People's League in the Twentieth Century Church. The Twentieth Century Church was thoroughly up to date in every respect. It had no debt, it paid its pastor a salary of metropolitan dimensions, its congregational singing was led by a fine cornetist; its deacons were the leading business men of the town and its affairs were managed in a way to reflect the highest credit upon the trustees. The church entertainments were always financially successful, its bazars and picnics being conducted with skill that would have received the unstinted praise of an old circus manager. Most prominent among the energetic and pushing members of the congregation was the Hon. Jedediah Birg, member of the upper house in the State Legislature and President of Biggville's I inversal Emporium Company, a man whose judgment was ever sound and whose service carried more weight than that of any two of his fellow members. To the Hon. Jedediah the church was largely indebted for its prosperity, for he applied to this work the same sound principles and simple methods that had placed him in front of the Biggville business community. It was not strange, therefore, that when the church was called upon to assist in the raising of funds for the relief of the victims of a disastrous fire the Hon. Jevediah was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. At the committee's first session he unfoided his general plan.

"Brethren, an opportunity has again presented itself for our church to distinguish fixelf in a noble enterprise. I have given the matter considerable thought and suggest for your considerable thought and suggest for great fair in the parlors of the church and would suggest a series of prizes of considerable intrinsic value, say four or five, to be awarded to our young people on the

young people should reach \$3,000 to \$5,000. There is certain to be a friendly rivalry among our young people to make a record in this affair, and the local press will doubtless give us cordial support and open its columns to us for any interesting matter we may submit in connection with the enterprise.

It was even as the Senator predicted. Other business houses, inspired by the Hon. Jedediah's generous example, fairly outdid themselves in contributions. The first prize, a somewhat floridly decorated set of china, was soon attractively displayed in one of the Emporium's prominent show windows, with the following explanatory card:

"Magnificent combination dinner and tea service, 200 pieces, valued at \$75, has been donated by the Hon. J. Rigg as first prize in the Twentieth Century ticket selling contest. The winner's name will be announced at the church Saturday evening, Dec 24."

It was small wonder then that the Twentieth Century folk entered upon their charitable scheme with enormous enthusiasm, and among the most active members of the Young People's League was James B Goodnow. He said little to his fellow members in the league, but to old Mr. Ashton, the treasurer of the Universal Emporium Company, he confided his determination to win the first prize.

"You're not married, are you?" inquired

first prize, ou're not married, are you?" inquired Ashton.

ston.

sir. Why?"
t would you do with that dinner set?"
don't know. I could dispose of it
intage for cash."
K here," said Mr. Ashton, whose love Look here, said Mr. Ashton, whose love rabargain was proverbial in the establement, Mr. Bigg, as usual, has been made assurer of the tair committee, but he turns these matters over to me. Now I'll have the reports of the sales by the various ung people and I'll be able to know extended to the top of the sales by the various ung people and I'll be able to know exercise energh to make your winning the first like certain I'll give you \$35 cash for your jut."

bodow accepted the proposition on the and made a mental note of an intention or the proposition of the and made a mental note of an intention or the proposition. The fair was to open Monday run through the week, closing Saturday at with a special programme and distributed on the proposition of prizes. The tickets were printed distributed early enough to allow almost conth for the ticket sellers to skirmish purchasers. Goodnow seemed to meet a phenomenal success. At the end of the week when Ashton asked him how he purchasers Goodnow seemed to meet phenomenal success. At the end of the week when Ashton asked him how he getting on he smiled sold over 200 thus far."

Two hundred! Goodness me. you're a

SILVER JIMMY'S EXPERIMENT.

By JOHN ELBERT WILKIE.

Chief United States Secret Service.

Chief United States Secret Service.

Control of the pupils on the fire, painted a graphic picture of its horrors and arranged for them to get their tickets from him."

"Good idea, "observed the young man. "By the way, Mr. Ashton, I've got \$100 in silver in a bag in my desk? I'd like to put it in the safe. May 1?

"Granting it is heatter there."

in a bag in my desk? I'd like to put it in the safe. May 1?"
"Certainly, it's better there."
"I wonder," ventured Goodnow, with some hesitancy as he returned with the sack of coin, "I wonder if you'd mind exchanging these for bills? I'll put them in an envelope with my name on it. I'd like to keep the proceeds separate until I've finished—just as a matter of curiosity."
"That's all right," assented Ashton, amiably. "Count'em out"
James poured out a heap of quarters, halves and dollars, stacked them up in little piles, and when Ashton had verified the count, took the \$100 in notes which the old gentleman handed him and inclosed them in an envelope, which was laid away in the safe.
"We'll need a lot of change while the fair is on," remarked Ashton, "and I'll just hold on to this silver."
Goodnow indorsed the suggestion.
"I hope," he added, "that I can do as well right along. I want to win that first prize."
"Good luck to you," said Ashton as they parted.
Things were coming Mr. Goodnow's way.

"Good luck to you," said Ashton as they parted.
Things were coming Mr. Goodnow's way. At the end of the third week of his labors he found himself charged with over 1800 tickets and there was over \$900 in currency in that bundle in the safe. The envelope had grown too small and Goodnow had tied up the bills at the end of each week, using a strong pink wrapping paper that gave the package a certain individuality.

Rumors of his enormous sales had reached the ears of a number of people. One enterprising citizen with a speculative streak in his mental economy approached James a day or two before the fair and cautiously sounded him as to his chances.
"I think I'll eatch that first prize all right," said James.
"Tell you what I'll do," observed the specu-

said James.
"Tell you what I'll do," observed the specu-lative citizen. "I'll buy your chance in that

Jimmy reflected "What'll you give?"
"Twenty dollars"
"Too little," said Goodnow decidedly.
"That set is as good as mine and it's worth
\$75. You ought to give me \$50"
The speculator hesitated. "I'll give you,

"That's better: I'll take it."
"You just write out an order on the committee to deliver the set to me and here's your money."
Goodnow complied with the simple request had thus imposed on an impressionable Judge in a Federal court and had been sentenced to four months in fail, he was so overcome with emotion that he could hardly thank the Court for its leniency; but as he passed through the doorway in charge of the marshal he whispered: "Four months! Holy smoke! I could stand on my head that long!"

His last case had been different, however. He had been out of jail only a month after the short sentence with the acrobatic possities had been discovered by the young man severally invested in his chance, which they believed was a certainty.

they believed was a certainty.

The fair was the greatest success ever scored in the social history of Biggville. It opened with a crush on Monday and there was not a night when one could move about comfortably. The money fairly poured in and the Hon. Jedediah Bigg was the blushing recipient of congratulations on the consummate skill with which the affair had been planned and managed. Goodnow continued to report progress in his ticket selling campaign until Friday. That afternoon he had Mr. Ashton give him \$50 in currency for the same amount in coin, and added it to the pink package. He made the addition at his desk, and, just as he had finished tying it up, slipped the parcel into a drawer and stepped over to the chief bookkeeper. "Did you speak to me?"

"No."

"That's funny, I thought you called me. I "That's funny, I thought you called me. I beg your pardon."

As he returned to the desk and reached into the drawer for the bundle there came into his mild blue eyes a strange gleam of satisfaction, but it was gone when he handed the heatly tied package to Mr. Ashton.

"There you are, sir. Nine hundred and ninety-three dollars. I guess you get that prize. When shall we settle up the ticket account." count.

prize. When shall we settle up the ticket account."

"O, no hurry about that, as long as the money's here. To-norrow or Monday will do. No; Monday will be observed as Christmas. Tuesday will do."

"Very well. If you don't mind I think I'll take a couple of hours off to-morrow and look in on the fair myself."

"I'm sure there'll be no objection. I may be there, too."

"I hope you will." remarked Goodnow. "And if you are I wont do a thing to the shop" he added under his breath.

Goodnow's visit to the fair produced something of a flutter. It had been generally known that he was the first-prize winfer, and as he moved modestly about from booth to booth making purchases here and there he heard complimentary whispers on all sides of him. Old Mr. Ashton was visibly elated at the sensation the young man created. He had recently had a good deal to say about Goodnow and posed as the discovere of the talented and energetic employee. He was particularly cordial when they toot but he fore talented and energetic employee. He was particularly cordial when they met, but before they had chatted long the young man ex-cused himself. Ten minutes latter he ap-peared at the Emporium with a small leather satchel and addressed Mr. Ashton's assistant. "Mr. Paimer, they asked Mr. Ashton at the church if he would accommodate the committee with some small bills for silver. The crowd seems to object to so much coin, and Mr. Ashton suggested I bring over \$200 to be charged."

and Mr. Ashton suggested I bring over \$200 to be changed."

The cashier made the exchange without question, and Goodnow hurried away. Going directly to his room, he carefully locked the door, and then reaching under the wardrobe brought to light a pink package, which he threw into the satchel. Again there came into his eyes that gleam of satisfaction.

'I'd give \$4 in pennies to see old Ashton's face when he opens that roll in the safe."
Then he grinned. "And when the speculative old boys tind that seven of them won that first prize! Not so bad. Let's see, here's \$200 in change. That's pretty near \$1,500. Not so bad for little damesy, and I think I'll move. The races are on at New Orleans, and maybe I can do something with the pennies."

Then he strolled down to the railway station, bought a ticket and a sleeper and went out for a little hunch.

ion, bought a ticket and a sleeper and went at for a little lunch. Thinks happened at the Emporium im-mediately after Mr. Goodnow's departure.

Things happened at the Emporium immediately after Mr. Goodnow's departure. Ashton arrived, looking red and angry.

"Where's Goodnow?" he demanded.
"Left here about twenty minutes ago, sir. Said he'd be back soon."

"Well, when he comes I've got something to say to him. I happened to be talking to Dr. Trotter and find he holds Goodnow's order for that dinner service: paid 330 for it. Blaue his skin, I paid Goodnow \$35 for his chance myself. He'll have a time explaining things."

"Well, he can't be long. He's just gone up to the church for that currency you told him to get."

"What currency?"

"What currency?"

"Why, the currency for the silver."

Ashton stared at his assistant blankly, and then, suddenly overwhelmed with suspicion, jumped to the big safe. When he saw that the bink package was there he breathed a sigh of relief, and grasping it as if to satisfy himself of its reality sat down at the desk and unfastened the string. Turning back the wrapper he disclosed a neat pile of slips of newspaper cut to the size of oank notes, and staring at him in bold black letters from the white card on the top of it all was this: "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus."

While he was gazing at the impudent let-

While he was gazing at the impudent letters and fairly choking with rage a quietry dressed, stockily built man with a smoothly shaven face and a high baid forehead was ushered in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ashton, for interrupting you. I'm Capt. Seacomb, a Government officer. The Sub-Treasury at Cincinnati has been getting a good deal of bad silver in its remittances from the Figgytile banks and I found at one of them here more than \$20 in spurious coin in a sack deposited by your establishment this morning."

Then the real situation flashed upon Ashton. He brought from the safe several small bags of coin and passed a handful to the officer who, glass in hand, made a careful scrutiny of a number of them.

"Bad," he remarked sententiously. "Where did you get them?"

The story of young Mr. James B. Goodnow was briefly told, punctuated by a few sharp nquiries from the Treasury agent. When they came to the duramy package incident he smiled grimly.

"Angel face, blue eyes?" he asked.

came to the durany package incident he smiled grimly.

"Angel face, blue eyes?" he asked.

"That's him"

"Jimmy Hardnut at it again."

Making a rapid note of Goodnow's address the officer rose.

Making a Making and the officer rose.

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?" he inquired.

"Right at the railway station. You pass there in going up to Goodnow's boarding house." house."

Five minutes later as he stood writing a brief message to the station. Capt. Seacomb glanced through the open door just as a young man with a small leather satchel moved toward the sleeper of the express that had pulled in a moment before.

This is my lucky day," the captain muttered.

The message was not finished. Stepping pulckly to the platform he overtook the young nan with the bag as he entered the body of "Excuse me." He laid a detaining hand on e young man's shoulder, turning him partly ound. An angel face with big blue eyes

met his.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmy. Here's a nice pair of bracelets for you. Get off with me."

What Jimmy said will not bear repeating. Now he is doing his fourth term for counterfeiting—six years this time, and the opening of that Broadway office has been indefinitely postponed.

EBEN LATROBE'S WILL AND THE AT-TEMPT TO DESTROY IT.

ronkite, the Detective, Plays Butler for Self-Willed Old Man-Plot of the Chicago Heirs and the Important Point They Overlooked-A Young Lawyer's Beginning

Judge Josiah Marcellus was laid up with gout, which the sudden complication in the affairs of his client, Eben Latrobe, only aggravated There was no help for it: however self-relian and self-sufficient he had always been, he was now bound hand and foot and must act through another. So, perforce, he sent for his partner, Mr. Beavers, whom hitherto he had confined to the attorney work of the

office, and explained the situation to him. "You must go down to the Glades at once, Beavers," he began, "in response to this telegram from Latrobe requesting me to ome and bring his personal papers with me. Personal papers! Do you know what they are? See, these are they-two wills, one drawn in 1897 by Squantum, the village lawyer: the other drawn in 1899 by myself, when he had a rational season, and proper and equitable in all respects except that it does not specifically revoke the prior one Of course I wanted him to do so, and also to estroy it, but no, no: he insisted that he might change his mind and then it would be easier to tear up the latter one than to go brough the trouble of preparing an entirely new instrument. Did you ever hear of any thing so absurd? But that's Eben Latrobe all over. He's naturally hot-headed and suspicious, acting on impulses which opposition only changes into obstinacy; and his ong retirement from business on an ample fortune has served to conserve these charac teristics, if not his health

"Eben Latrobe, you must know, has since his wife died, been something of a recluse, living on his place down at the Glades and wasting his time dictating nonsensical monographs on American antiquities to a private secretary, who I wish were acting in that capacity to his master, the devil Peter Splain is the young man's name, and remember I say, look out for him; if he isn't a snake I've missed my vocation all these years and should be stacking hay on my father's farm Well, to go on; it is now eighteen years since Latrobe's only child, a wild lad, capped a brief and rapid career of acting contrary to his father's wishes by eloping with an actress to Europe. Naturally, for him at least, Mr. Latrobe regarded this offence as unpardonable. He at solutely refused to help the young couple when they became stranded and when both died of the fever at Naples he denied their little daughter's legitimacy in language more forcible than select. It was only through the patient waiting and working of a good woman that his wife, appealing to his better nature, when it was in an appealable condition, persuaded him to allow Genevieve to be brought to their home on sufferance. Once there, the child was her own best advocate, and by the time the old lady passed away it was with the

assurance that Genevieve was acknowledged

a daughter of the house and sole heir of its

fortune. She is now at boarding school

and as sweet a girl as ever soothed an old

man's heart or agitated a young man's. "Now for the two wills. What was my surprise when I examined the will of 1897 to find that, after leaving a mere pittance for the support of Genevieve, it divided everything between two distant cousins, Ralph and Raymond Latrobe, Chicago lawyers, and rather keener than the usual type, whom the testator hadn't seen for years and couldn't care anything about except for their name Were you crazy when you made this? I asked. 'I think so now, 'he said, 'and for that reason I want you to draw a will devising all my possessions to my beloved grandchild. Genevieve, daughter of my son Paul And yet I may not have been,' he added gloomily, 'and for that reason you must serve the other, so that I can revive it if necessary.' I expostulated, but with no avail. He was in one of his ungovernable moods; I had neither the time nor the patience to wait and work like his wife; and so the matter was left. Well, it is just ten days ago, I received a letter from an old Italian priest, with whom I had some cornce at the time when Genevieve was brought home, and he wrote to tell me that an agent from Chicago had been making some inquiries regarding the girl's birth and parentage, reviving that old stupid slander in fact. Instantly I saw the hand of that sneak. Splain, and I sent Abe Cronkite down to the Glades to look around, as he

"But why are you suspicious of Mr. Splain? sked Mr. Beavers.

"By the process of elimination. The Chicago Latrobes would never take any interest in the matter had not some one given them a hint that they had a chance inheriting. Who then told them? Mr. Latrobe, I have his word for it. Not Squantum, he and I had a consultation and agreed that the utmost secreey should be observed; not myself; but when I suddenly opened the door of the library at the Glades, after I had finished my talk about the two wills, that smooth, insinuating secretary stood so close to it that I was morally certain he had been listening. He is just the man to have bargained with the Latrobes: they are just the men to try to upset to their own advantage the old gentleman's faith in his grandchild, now that he is feeble and sick. There's no telling what lies have been

"Well, he can't be long. He's just gone to the church for that currency you told and what more I might say would be but a gone to the church for that currency you told told, what deviltry is being consummated. multiplying of suspicions. So go down. Beavers, and luck go with you. He is entitled to have his two wills, since he is so pigheaded as not to know that most men hav more than enough trouble with one. Don't oppose him, whatever you do. But try to postpone any decisive action until I can come. If he should destroy the will of 1899 his health is so precarious that there might not be time for him to change his mind again and make a new one. Delays then are on our side: so don't hurry back, but emulate the tactics of his good wife, who. I wish to If you find yourself in a God, were alive. hole, advise with Cronkite."

"But where shall I find him?" asked Mr. Beavers "Don't give yourself any concern on that

point," replied the Judge: "he'll appear when

eded." And with mutual good wishes for health and success the two partners parted. Mr. Beavers arrived at the Glades that even ing all nerved for an unpleasant experience During his long drive from the station he had reviewed the situation as detailed by the Judge, and in his mind's eye had seen himelf ushered at once into the presence of an excited and determined man, who would contemptuously brush aside the devices for delay and reflection which he had carefully laid. It was hard, he thought, that this, his first independent mission, should be so hope-

less; hard, that the way might not have been prepared for him. The sight of the lonely grounds and th gaunt and gloomy mansion looming through the trees with barely enough lights to reveal its shadows deepened his fears unto despair and he was far from a type of the alert and

keen young lawyer as he alighted. At the opening of the door, however, there was a shift of scene and spirits. Nothing could be more cordial than the greeting he received from Mrs. Gaines, the old housenothing could be more reassuring than the message brought to him by Mr Splain, the secretary, that Mr. Latrobe bade him welcome and begged to be excused from seeing him until the morning. That was omething like; and he sat down to a hearty supper, served by a butler of orthodox soemnity, with a zest which an hour before had seemed impossible. As he was finishing. Mr. Splain returned with a second message: Mr. Latrobe would like the package of

TORN WITH THE LEFT HAND. private papers to familiarize himself with and speech, that Mr. Beavers sought refuge in his room. certain details before your consultation in

the morning." Well, this was reassuring, too! Care and deliberation; no hasty, impassioned action; no wanton destruction of instruments under hand and seal! Mr. Beavers complied with

the request with alacrity. Mr. Splain was extremely attentive. showed the young lawyer to his room; he produced cigars with the smiling suggestion of a smoke and a chat. In a confidential way, he discussed his patron's characteristics, pronouncing him to be a man kindhearted but prejudiced and set in his ways. He expressed grave apprehensions regarding his state of health, saying that the physicans had emphasized the necessity of calm

"I trust there is nothing in the business which brought you that can excite him." he added, "for if so, I fear the worst." When he had gone, Mr. Beavers found

that his own mood had changed. He was no longer light-hearted. Perhaps he had done wrong in sending the wills to a man in so critical a condition; and yet if he had refused, would there not have been excitement and trouble? Over and over he debated these questions as he tossed and turned on his bed, unable to sleep. Through his window he could see the right wing where the library and Mr. Latrobe's adjouining bedroom were situated. In both, the lights were brightly burning, and shadows passed and repassed on the curtains. Yes, shadows was the word, there were plainly two men moving busily about. What could keep Mr. Latrobe and his secretary so busily engaged as so late an hour? Even while he fretted over such mysterious proceedings, there came quick, impatient raps on his door. Mr. Beavers sprang up and into his clothes. The sunlight was streaming through the windows. It was morning, he must have slept after all, perhaps the shadows that had perplexed him had been, but the the shadows of his dreams!

At the door stood the old housekeeper and the private secretary, agitated and pale "Come at once to the library," cried Mr. Splain "A dreadful thing has happened Mr. Latrobe is dead at his desk, over his papers. They must have excited him, as I feared and thus brought on a stroke I found him so when I came this morning and insisted that nothing should be disturbed until you were summoned '

"But, but," hesitated Mr. Beavers as he followed with chattering teeth, "but you were with him late last night?"

"Oh, no," returned Splain easily. room is down in the lodge, you know; and I went directly there after parting with you;" and Mr. Beavers was too unsettled in his mind to make other suggestions.

It was a grewsome sight in the library. Mr. Latrobe had fallen forward, so that his face almost rested on the flat-topped desk. On the floor were scraps and shreds of paper, a legal document that had been torn across and across and then through, some of the bits even, were in his hands. A glance told Mr. Beavers that it was the will of 1899 that had been destroyed; yes, and there was the will of 1897 intact, under the letter weight. With his last dying impulse, the wroncheaded old man had disinherited his grandchild, and left the bulk of his fortune to two strangers -the Chicago Latrobes!

Mr. Splain was exceedingly deferential and helpful. He announced to the household that Mr Beavers as the representative of the dead man's legal advisers was now in charge He caused the body to be placed on the bed in the adjoining room. He assisted in gathering together the scraps of the destroyed will. He brought his master's keys in order that Mr. Beavers might lock them in the desk. together with the will of 1897, for safe keeping He summoned the physicians and the Coroner

"Not that it can be necessary," he explained regarding this latter errand, "for my poor friend met the fate that the most skilful specialists predicted for him; but in the absence of the family it looks as if you did your full duty And by the way, Mr. Ralph Latrobe and Mr. Raymond Latrobe will be here this very morning: I have already sent the carriage to the station for them. They wrote Mr. Latrobe a week ago of their coming East to renew old ties, and he was so pleased. You'll find their

The solemn butler, too, was equal to the emergency. He sent the frightened servants here and there to do their duties and evolved regularity out of the routine He locked the library door while breakfast was being served and gave the key to Mr. Beavers, and then escorted him back there and arranged the lights and brought him the mail. He even auggested that he might wish to telegraph to his partner, a little matter which had not ecurred to Mr. Beavers, and brought the blanks and had a lad off with the despatch in a jiffy. But more, he gave the young man confidence by the respect and consideration ie paid.

"Take your time, sir," he advised, "you nust have important matters to settle. You're quite private here, and no one shall disturb you except through me, sir."

"The right man in the right place," reflected the gratified Beavers, "I'll remember him before I go."

So Mr. Beavers did have a time for reflection and it seemed to him that since the Chicago Latrobes were about to enter the scene so providentially be should inform them of their relation to the dead man's estate. There was no good reason why they should not know and as Judge Marcellus was named as execu tor in the 1897 will he, as his representative, was the one to tell them. So much, so good.

There was the sound of wheels without nd the solemn butler appeared with the tidings that the two cousins had arrived and would gladly see him at his convenience Tall, angular men, very much alike, proved, with sharp features and keen eyes Nothing seemed to move their imperturbability; not the suddenness of the death, nor the appositeness of their arrival, nor the bequest which must have come so unexpectedly to them. They at once brushed Mr. Beaver's brief authority aside, assuming possession as if the courts had already passed upon their rights. During the reception and talk with the physicians and Coroner, the young lawyer sat apart, displaced, ignored idly twirling the bunch of keys he had received from the secretary; and it was only because the solemn butler misinterpreting. doubtless, the meaningless act, suggested to him that he would fetch his papers from the desk, that he recovered possession of the two wills, one in shreds and one intact, which as representative of the executor it was his

Possibly the Chicago Latrobes might have objected, but they were busy, hearing the physician's report and agreeing with the Coroner that no inquest was necessary; besides, the solemn butler had a quiet but quick way of moving which was very unobtrusive. Then, though the men of medicine were harmonious in the conclusion that death had resulted from a stroke of the heart, that rgan having been long affected, they of course had to disagree on some minor point. which in this instance proved to be the time of death. The elder doctor insisted that death had occurred about twelve hours before, which would make it shortly after the papers had been delivered to the diseased by his private secretary. The younger diffidently, but resolutely, maintained that unless all usual signs had failed, the man, must have been dead for at least twentyfour hours. Naturally, the judgment of the elder physician, being so consonant with the known facts, prevailed; the Coroner announcing that he had no time for theoriz ing, and that since it was agreed that Mr. Latrobe had met a natural death, the precise moment could be of no consequence. With this authoritative statement, and the departure of the officials, the Chicago Latrobes became to overbearing in manner

The young lawyer was confused of purpose feeling that all was not right, and yet unable so to straighten out the tangle of events as to see a clear course to pursue. The Judge if only the Judge were present; with his keen insight and courteous but forceful procedure! Why had the Judge sent him here, all unused to emergencies, without a surer guide; why had he not told him just what to do in case of a crisis? Ah, but he had! "If you find yourself in a hole, advise with Cronkite,"; those had been his very words. "Advise with Cronkite?" that he could: but where was Cronkite?

"Yours to command, sir," said a familiar voice, in response of this unconsciously expressed thought; are as the door closed and the lock snapped, the estood the butler. "Abe, Abe!" cried Mr. Beavers all incredu

lous; "can it be you, in such a guise, and I not know you, all this time? Why I am amazed, delighted!" "You see, you weren't expecting to see me in any such capacity, sir," said the former detective, modestly, "and so you didn't see me at all. It's all very simple. Now, sir I've got but a moment to spare before I go

to the station to meet the Judge, and I want you, without the delay of a word, to give me the torn will." Silently Mr. Beavers obeyed. Abe Cronkite whipped a microscope from his pocket, and examined each shred closely "There's no doubt of it," he commented as he folded away the scraps in his handkerchief: "I'll deliver this valuable docu-

ment to the Judge, sir," he explained, as he turned to the door. "The Judge, he can't come," gasped Mr. Beavers, "he's confined to his bed!" "After the letter he got from me this morning, he'll be here on a litter if necessary and the most skilful physician in the city

down in the library in a half hour," and the door closed behind him, and on a bewildered but happy young lawyer. It was with difficulty that Judge Joslah Marcellus hobbled into the library, assisted on one side by a distinguished looking gentle man of professional bearing, and on the other by the solemn butler. As he extended his hand to the two Latrobes, each man in turn

stretched out his left hand in greeting. "What!" said the Judge, "each of you is left-handed, I see." "A family trait," murmured the Latrobes

"But one which the deceased did not have a little matter which seems to have escaped your attention." "What do you mean by that?" demanded

both men, threateningly. "Gently, gentlemen," said the Judge, "you show a commendable zeal for business, in which I assure you I will meet you half way. But let us do everything decently and in order Allow me to present you to Dr. Schenck, the most eminent pathologist in this country who, if it becomes necessary, will make an exhaustive post-mortem of the deceased to determine the precise time of death, under instructions from me, as executor of the will of 1899 and guardian of Genevieve Latrobe, sole devisee and legatee."

"What do you mean, that will was destroyed? What do you mean; that brat was cut off with a shilling?"

"Not destroyed, Mr Ralph, but mutilated; not a shilling, Mr Raymond, but all the shillings! The will of 1899, though torn through and through, is valid. If you gentlemen dare contest it, you must explain two things; one, how a man, who had been dead for at least ten hours before the will was brought to his house, could have torn it: the other, why he should have torn it from the body with his left hand, instead of with his right, as the edges of the shreds clearly show, the upper edge being invariably on the left side of each shred. Now-

"Hell!" muttered Mr. Ralph Latrobe, "Damnation!" growled Mr. Raymond Latrobe, and

they looked savagely at each other. "Exactly," continued the Judge. "Now, as I was saying, I don't know which one of you mutilated this will in such fashion, after you had carried the dead man from his bed last night and placed him at his desk, and it is immaterial, the act of one being the act of both: but I do know that you have been waiting in the city for a week, in constant communication with this secretary do know that it was he who sent the despatch to me for the wills to be brought down, and that from that time until this morning no one in the house saw Mr. Latrobe. I do know that two men drove through the village last night; that they hitched their horse to a tree in the grove, and with a left-handed hitch, too; that the library window opening on the veranda had been left unlocked; that there were lights seen in the library and the shadows of two men moving about, and that these two men drove away before daybreak Now from these and other facts. I think I can scent a conspiracy on your part, after this sneak here had sold his information regarding the two wills to you, and you had learned from the Italian priest how hopeless it was to discredit poor Genevieve's parentage, to take advantage of Mr. Latrobe's precarious condition, and cause him to do when dead what he would not do while alive Now, if the autopsy of Dr Schenck shall show—"

The two cousins whispered hurriedly together. "We want no scandal, sir," said Raymond Latrobe; "we withdraw our opposition to the will of 1899."

"Then withdraw yourselves," commanded the Judge sternly, "and take your miserable tool with you." and the solemn butler escorted the three off the grounds. these two men drove away before daybreak

NEW THEATRICAL STAR

King of Moonshiners to Go on the Stage After Justice Gets Through With Him-ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 29.-Old Billy Pritts

for years king of the moonshine gang oper ating in Somerset and Fayette counties, is the latest star to flash upon the histrionic firmament. After living for forty years as an outlaw with a price on his head. Pritts was run down and captured by revenue

was run down and captured by revenue officers last August. Aided by his sons, he stood siege for nearly a day and was wounded in the leg before he surrendered.

Pritts was taken to Uniontown, where he was held for trial in the United States District Court. His patriarchal appearance so impressed several of the town's business men that they went on his bail bond. It was at Uniontown that he first saw a play. He was greatly impressed. The productions of the town's manufacture was greatly impressed. business men that they went on his bail bond. It was at Uniontown that he first saw a play. He was greatly impressed. The production was one of melodramatic type and showed life in the wilds of the Tennessee mountains. A battle with moonshiners was one of the features of the play.

It was at the height of the battle that Pritts laid the foundation for his stage career. The play-acting moonshiners were being slowly overwhelmed by the revenue officers when Pritts, with the experience of an old campaigner, saw an opening. Leaping from his seat he yelled:

"Look out boys! They're comin' up behind! Give it to 'em back through the brush!" Pritts made the hit of the evening. A Pittsburg theatrical man who was in 'the audience hunted up the old moonshiner after the performance and made him an offer. He explained the nature of stage work and offered him more money each week than the old man had ever seen in a bunch in his life. Pritts was delighted.

"I guess," he said sorrowfully, "I can't ever go back to my 'stillin' agin, an' I reckon the money will come in handy. What'll I have to do?"

"Do?" responded the theatrical man, "why just what you've always been doing. You'll be my leading man. I'll get up a play and

the money will come in handy. What'll I have to do?"

"Do?" responded the theatrical man, "why iust what you've always been doing. You'll be my leading man. I'll get up a play and have you make whiskey on the stage. There'll save the heroine's life and be pardoned, and live happy ever after "But," said filly with a grin, "I don't think I'll be pardoned. They caught me dead an' I guess I'm in for it."

"Oh, but the play will come after," said the theatrical man. "After you've served your time, you know."

"I can't understand," Billy went on. "They tell me it is agin the law to make whiskey. That's what I'm arrested for. Wouldn't it be agin the law to make ut on the stage as well as any other place? Then if I'm to fight the officers every night, I guess I'd be in jail the rest of my natura."

After the make-believe features of the business were explained Pritts agreed to sign a contract.

"I've got a still up in the mountain that is just the thing," he said. "Good for sixty gallon any day. I'll have 'er brought down so you can look at 'er."

Thus the new theatrical star was discovered. Pritts will be just on the stage as soon as he is out of his present troubles.

LIFE IN BLEAK LABRADOR. Ways of the Fishermen Who Live There

the Year Around. From the Chicago Record. The conditions of the "livyeres," or per manent residents on the Labrador coast, is every year a cause of anxiety to the Colonial Government, because in the event of the failure of the codfishery relief has to be provided for them, the region producing nothing, and there being no stores or depots where food can be procured, while an ice barrier shuts it off from the outside world for half the year. Almost every year a steame has to be sent along the coast, its hold filled with stores, from which the most needy are supplied, and it is a task calling for the most careful at tention and judgment thoroughly to investigate these cases and apportion the allowances properly.

Labrador is a peninsula of 120,000 square miles, an area equal to the British Isles, white its population consists of but 5,000 souls, of whom about 3,500 are white and 1,500 Esquimaux. Labrador forms parts of the mainland of Canada, its southern limit being the Strait of Belle Isle, while its northern boundary is the Hudson Strait. But as it is frequented only by the Newfoundland people it has been under the jurisdiction of that colony for nearly ninety years. The land seems accurst; it is bare of greenery and living things a desolate, black wilderness of forbidding rocks and stunted forest growth, as if it had been thrown up in some past age by a volcanieruption and the premature cooling caused innumerable cracks in the crust; the coast is seamed with hundreds of harbors, and studded with islands by the thousands. These latter have been chosen, wherever suitable, as defences behind which to locate a little settlement, the shelter thus afforded being of inestimable value when the wintry gales blow and the relentless ice-pack sweeps along the shore, destroying everything in its path with him, or I miss my mark, sir," asserted But this doubles the danger of navigating Abe Cronkite. "Keep a good heart, and be the region There are over one hundred fixed settle-

There are over one hundred fixed settlements from Battle to Nain, each having a resident population of five to twenty-five lainties. The people are termed "livyeres' diveheres' to distinguish them from the mass of the Newfoundland fishermen, who only frequent the coast during the summer fishing season and are termed "floaters." It is doubtful if the world has the counterpart of this annual fishery magration. In June each year the innabitants of the eastern coast of Newfoundland to the number of 25,000 people—men, women and children—start for Labrador to engage in the codfishery. They load their schooners with their household goods, provisions and salt for fish curing, and make their way to the harbors where they intend to fish, and there they remain until September or October, when they return to their homes. During this period the "livyere" enjoys comparative comfort, for he can rely with certainty on enough food to keep body and soul together. It is when the "floaters" start for home that his misery begins. He is always a fisherman, but of the poorest order, the takes servicewith some well-to-do "floater," who provides him with a fishing outfit, boot, hooks and lines, and his catch he exchanges for food and raiment at prices that almost equal those of Klondike. For his fish he receives only about \$2 a quintal of 112 pounds, while for third-rate flour he pays \$8 a barrel, sour molasses 60 cents a gallon and musty tea 60 cents a pound. These form his staple articles of diet, together with cod, herring and shell fish. Meat in any form, butter, milk, cheese and such like he never sees from the cradle to the grave. Nor does he know what money means; he never handles a coin and all his transactions are conducted by the principle of barrer, a quintal of fish forming the "ivyere" and his familie gertain. There are uver one hundred fixed settlements from Battle to Nain, each having a families. The people are termed "flivyeres, direcheres to destinguish them from the mass of the Newfoundiand fishermen, who only the season and are termed "floaters." It is don't samual fishery migration. In June each year the minabitants of the eartern coast of men, women and children—start for Labradot to enage in the codishery. They load their schoolers with their household goods, their way to the harbors where they fined to the season and their way to the harbors where they floated to the season with their household goods, their way to the harbors where they floated to the season and their way to the harbors where they floated to the season and their schoolers with their household goods, there is the property of the flivyers. They have the bunches they floated to the season and soul tozether. It is when the "floaters" start for home that his misery begins. His sale and they season and vet many plants were shown of the season and season and the season

there are no laws, no police, no officials whatever. During the summer months the customs collector who works along the shore there are no laws, no police, no officials whatever. During the summer months the customs collector who works along the shore
in his revenue cruiser has powers as a Magistrate and decides the disputes which are
always cropping up among the thousands
of fishermen located there, but for the balance of the year there is no recognized authority. There is not a road on the whole
coast, nor a bridge, nor a public work of
any kind. For the eight months of winter
there is no mail, except a few letters, which
are forwarded by way of Quebec, along the
north shore of the River St. Lawrence, couriers taking them from point to point, but
rarely ever proceeding beyond Battle Harbor. During this period the livyeres travel
about by means of dogs and sledges, but
their only journeys are in quest of game,
which is obtainable in the form of rabbits,
bears and birds.

There is little or no dishonesty among
them, because they have so little to steal,
and they all become reduced to the same
plan of misery because if one has a pound
of flour it is divided among his most needy
neighbors. The pitiless severity of winter
bears most harshly upon the younger people,
the children especially being susceptible to
consumption, and other diseases induced
by their herding together and their wretched
food. Until five years ago the condition
of things in this respect was very much
worse than it is now.

About that time the English people were
aroused to a sense of the misery endured
by the thousands of Newfoundland fisher
folk during their solourn on Labrador, and
a branch of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen was formed on this bleak coast. This
mission was originally established to work
among the North Sea fishermen, and when
its well-organized philanthropy made itself
evident on Labrador it was an incalculable
benefit.

A BADLY RIDDLED VETERAN.

A BADLY RIDDLED VETERAN. Some of the Wounds Received by Thomas Wright in the Confederate Service.

From the Baltimore Sun. BRISTOL, Va., Dec. 23.-One of the mos eriously bullet-riddled veterans of the Civi War, to be alive, is Mr. Thomas Wright, citizen of Bristol, who is now in his 72d year. If any one has cause to be infirm by reason of his wounds it is Mr. Wright. This brave veteran went from his home at Greenville in 1861 to Knoxville, Tenn where he enlisted as a private in Company E. Nineteenth Regiment, known as the Old Knoxville Regiment. Mr. Wright fought for the Confederacy at Fishing Creek, Ky., at Shiloh, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga.

man and makes no boasts, but his battle scars tell which way his face was turned when the bullets were flying the thickest and danger was the most imminent. Tha he ever survived the gunshot wounds he received on the famous battlefield of Chickamauga is a wonder almost beyond concep-Mr. Wright's first wound was received in the battle of Shiloh, when he was shot through the right leg just above the knee,

Mr. Wright is a calm, undemonstrative

in the battle of Shiloh, when he was shot through the right leg just above the knee, the bones being shattered.

At Baton Rouge he was shot through the hips from the right to the left side. This wound has always been a source of trouble and continues to cause him much pain.

Mr. Wright was in the thickest of the fight at Chickamagna and it was here that, as the result of a volley of shots poured in upon bim, he received seven wounds, the scar of each shot being still plain. One ball entered his body under the right arm, lodging in his liver, another entered the right elbow and ranged downward into the waist, where the ball remains to this day; another entered his right thick; another grazed his left thumb and three balls entered his breast, and, passing through his body, came out under the left shoulder. All of these balls passed near the heart and Mr. Wright was left upon the field for dead. He lay in that position without food or drink or attention in any form from 5 o'clock on Saturday evening until 9 o'clock the following Monday night. It was seven years before Mr. Wright recovered sufficiently to do anything toward his own support. His wonderful vitality was not to be subdued and he triumphed over death, so to speak, and to-day is as much alive as some of his conrades who did not receive a wound during the war.

COSTLIEST DINNER. THE

\$20 A HEAD ABOUT THE LIMIT IN PRICE. SAYS OSCAR.

That Is for the Food Alone - For Wine, and Decorations, You May Raise the Cost to \$722 as He Did - Menu Which Represents the Extreme in Price to the Epicure. Oscar, famous over the country as the head waiter of the Waldorf-Astoria, was asked the

other day to write out the menu for the most

expensive dinner he could possibly get up. With unlimited capital at my command," he said, "I would still have to depend on my resources in producing the most expensive dinner. All the money in New York would not produce strawberries in January unless I knew where to find them. Also I might find them in one place during one season and miles away during the next. There are also matters of taste to be considered and matters of reason. It would be absurd and out of place to have on our holiday tables eatables which properly belong only to the tropics and are not eaten in the United States. even in summer.

"In the matter of food alone the most expensive dinner would not run so high in price as you might suppose at first thought. n any dinner in which common sense is aken into account the food alone would not cost more than \$20 a cover. That is, without vine, decorations or attendance. Now you may buy new wine at almost any price, depending on the reputation of the vintners, but you may not always buy old wine The connoisseur often values his dusty bottles more highly than gold, and will on no account surrender them. Therein diplomacy and opportunity must come to procure what mere money cannot buy. The matter of attendance is a matter of taste. You could have a waiter for each guest if necessary. but it would not be in good taste.

"But in decorations you could go to an almost unlimited extent. A short time ago I assembled a dinner of eighteen covers. which cost in the aggregate \$13,000, that is, over \$722 a cover. It was, and still is, the

Confections. Coffee. Pruits.

"There, now, sir," said Oscar. "There, now, that is the very best I could do merely with food if I had a fortune to deal with. Of course, I could double the size of the dishes and I could squeeze in many things which would sound well, but which the guests would not eat. There would be no reason in it. If, however, you will e-amine that menu you will see that several hunting parties would be required to procure the Rocky Mountain sheep, the duck, the terrapin, the asparagus and so forth, at this season of the year. Add private wine and e-ten-live decoration to such a spread and you will have a dinner that will cost you a small fortune."

QUAY'S COMING FIGHT. The Struggle for a Seat in the Senate About to Begin at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 29 .- Two years have passed since the last great effort of Matthew Stanley Quay to have himself reelected to the United States Senate and now he comes forward to make another attempt to gratify his ambition at the approaching session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. His loyal friends will not even listen to a suggestion of possible defeat, and his foes are just as sanguine that he has lost the fight. For two years he has directed the preliminary skirmishes, and the plans of the battle which will be fought out on Capitol Hill in a few days

have all had his careful consideration. Nobody questions the wonderful skill of Nobody questions the wonderful skill of Quay in political strategy, and his brilliant tactics have frequently won battles which would have been lost under any other general. Of course, he has felt the absence of those former lieutenants who are now arrayed against him. Now he is making a supreme effort because it is believed that defeat would mean his retirement forever as the dominant political power in Pennsylvania. He would have withdrawn from the contest two years ago if he had copsulted his own wishes, but with the suits then pending against him he was advised to continue the fighting, as surrender would be construed as an admission of the truth of the serious charges then pending. So he remained in the contest and the deal with Senator C. L. Magee was declared off. Then, realizing that he could not be elected, he took counsel with his friends and determined to maintain the deadlock to the end and take chances on the appointment of Gov. Stone. The theatre of the great struggle against his foces was transferred to Washington, where again he failed by a narrow margin.

Now comes the marshalling of the opposing Legislative forces for the last struggle. The Beaver chieftain has conferred with all his lieutenants and has arranged all his plans. Before the close of the week he will come here himself and establish headquarters within the shadow of the Capitol. His staff will also gather about him from all parts of the State. They know that his political life is their own; that his downfall carries with it the dynasty. He expresses confidence in the outcome.

But meanwhile his enemies are gathering also. Senators Martin and Flim and Victories. Nobody questions the wonderful skill of

the State. They know that his political life is their own; that his downfall carries with it the dynasty. He expresses confidence in the outcome.

But meanwhile his enemies are gathering also. Senators Martin and Flinn and Magee once fought with Quay and they are not ignorant of his tactics. They also come to the front with confidence. In their opinion the fight is already won. They declare that Quay will surely be defeated, and whatever may follow they will be able to hold their ground and await the terms of surrender. They do not expect to elect a Senator at first, but they believe that the Legislature will surely fill the vacancy in the United States Senate at the approaching session.

The Quay men say they have sufficient yotes to control the organization of both the Senate and the House and elect their leader to the United States Senate. The anti-Quay men just as emphatically assert that the organization will be controlled by the fusionists and that Quay's election is hopeless. It is undoubtedly a close fight. All depends upon the caucus, Every vote that can be mustered for Quay will be brought out in the caucus, and there are not a few men friendly to the old leader who have refused to sign the Quay pledge. These will not enter the caucus until they are absolutely sure that there are enough votes to elect. Since the death of Representative W. F. Stewart of Philadelphia, the father of the House, only 127 votes are necessary to a choice in the joint convention. It is known that the regulars do not in secret pretend to have more than a bare majority and the opposition say the highest Quay vote will not be higher than it was in the joint convention two years ago.